观后感的第二稿

三年级的时候，我最怕一种作业，叫观后感。每次看完电影，别人回家坐下就写，我要磨到晚上九点。我写出来的东西，自己读一遍都觉得奇怪：第一天他们干了什么，第二天他们干了什么，最后坏人被打败了，我懂得了要勇敢。老师在这段话后面写两个字：复述。

四年级上学期，老师又布置观后感，看那部讲山区小学的片子。我照老办法，从大巴车进山写起，写到全校只有两个教室，写到孩子们翻两座山去上学，写到我懂得了要珍惜。发下来，一个合格。我把作文本塞进书包最底层，心想我大概天生不会写这个。

周五放学，老师把我叫到走廊。她没有批评我，只问了一句：这部电影，有没有哪一个地方，让你心里动了一下。我想了半天，说，有个修鞋的老头。学校门口修鞋的，学生鞋底开了胶，他免费粘，粘完在人家的鞋垫底下塞一张纸条，写着雨天少蹚水。老师说，你回去，就写这个老头，别的都别写。

那天晚上我坐在台灯底下，把第一稿整个划掉。我从老头的锥子写起：锥子穿过鞋底，手背上青筋鼓起来；他从鞋盒里挑钉子，挑得比绣花还慢；有个学生嫌他修得丑，他不说话，把鞋擦了一遍又一遍。我写他为什么免费，写我猜他小时候也穷过。写到最后一句：他修的是鞋，垫进去的是心。

周一发本子，我的手心出汗。老师在我那段话底下画了一整条波浪线，批语是：这就是观后感该有的样子。下午，我的作文被抄在一张大红纸上，贴在教室后墙，标题旁边写着我的名字。下课的时候，后墙围了一圈人。我站在外圈，没有挤进去，心里咚咚地跳。

现在再看三年级那份作业，我还觉得脸热。那时候我把观后感当成把电影讲一遍，讲完就算完成任务。其实电影不是要我去讲的，是要我去碰的。哪一下碰疼了你，你就写哪一下。第二稿让我明白，怕写观后感没有关系，怕的是看完电影，心里一动都没有。

The Second Draft of My Film Review

In Grade Three, the homework I feared most was the film review. After every movie, other children went home, sat down, and wrote; I would grind away until nine at night. What I produced read strangely to me: on the first day they did this, on the second day they did that, in the end the bad man was defeated, and I learned to be brave. The teacher wrote two characters after that paragraph: retelling.

In the first term of Grade Four, the teacher assigned another review, for that film about a mountain village school. I used my old method: starting from the bus entering the mountains, writing that the school had only two classrooms, writing that the children crossed two hills to get to class, writing that I learned to cherish what I have. It came back with a single word: pass. I stuffed the exercise book at the bottom of my schoolbag, thinking I must be born unable to do this.

Friday after school, the teacher called me into the corridor. She did not scold me. She asked one question: in this film, was there one place that made your heart move. I thought a long time and said, there was an old man who mended shoes. He mended shoes at the school gate; when the sole of a student came unstuck, he glued it for free, and after gluing he slipped a note under the insole, reading, avoid puddles on rainy days. The teacher said, go home and write just this old man, nothing else.

That night, under my desk lamp, I crossed out the entire first draft. I started from the awl of the old man: the awl passing through the sole, the blue veins rising on the back of his hand; picking nails from his shoe box, slower than embroidery; a student complained his repair was ugly, and the old man said nothing, just wiped the shoe again and again. I wrote why he charged nothing, and guessed that he too had been poor as a child. My last line read: he mended shoes, and what he padded inside was a heart.

Monday, when the books were handed back, my palms sweated. The teacher drew a full wavy line under my passage, with the comment: this is what a film review should look like. In the afternoon my composition was copied onto big red paper and posted on the back wall of the classroom, my name beside the title. At break, a ring of students gathered by the wall. I stood in the outer ring and did not push in, my heart thudding.

Looking at my Grade Three assignment now, my face still warms. Back then I treated a film review as telling the movie over, and once told, the job was done. But a movie is not given to me to retell; it is given to me to touch. Wherever it touched and stung, write that place. The second draft taught me that fearing film reviews is nothing to fear; what is to be feared is finishing a movie without one movement of the heart.

小满的作文被念给了全班听

小满坐在我前面，从前她最怕周一的语文课。因为周一发观后感，她的本子发下来，分数总是最低那一档。我抄她的开头看过一次，跟我的几乎一样：这部电影讲了什么什么，最后怎么样怎么样，我看了很受教育。我们俩的观后感像一个模子里倒出来的，谁也不比谁强。

变化发生在十一月。老师带全班去多媒体教室看一部动画片，讲一只不会叫的小狗，被羊群养大，总以为自己是羊。看完回教室，老师说这次随便写，写什么都行。小满咬着笔杆坐了二十分钟，然后开始写那只小狗。她写小狗想叫，喉咙里滚出一个闷闷的呜，它吓坏了，以为自己的嗓子丢了。她写小狗后来对着山谷喊，第一声还是呜，第二声是汪，它自己愣在原地，尾巴忘了摇。

周一，老师把小满的作文念给全班听。念到它自己愣在原地，尾巴忘了摇，全班笑了，老师也笑了。念完老师说，小满没有把电影从头讲一遍，她替那只小狗活了一遍。小满的头低下去，耳朵红透了，可是我看见她的手在桌子底下攥成了拳头，不是紧张的拳头，是赢了比赛的那种。

那天放学，小满破天荒没有马上走。她站在黑板前，把老师板书的一句话抄进本子：写让你心里动的那一下。她抄完问我，你猜我以前为什么写不出来。我摇头。她说，因为我总想把电影从头交代清楚，怕漏掉，结果把电影交代完了，把自己弄丢了。这句话我想了很久，那天晚上我也把那只小狗写了一遍，写它后来每次听到狗叫都要先回头看一眼，确认自己在哪里。

现在小满的观后感本子里，分数最高的几篇都跟电影里的配角有关：不会叫的小狗，给小狗缝窝的老羊，还有那声迟到的汪。她跟我说，一部电影里最疼的地方往往不是主角，是旁边那个不出声的。我不太懂这句话，但我开始学她，看电影的时候留意那些不出声的人。

上个星期，小满的观后感又被贴上了后墙。贴上去的时候她踮着脚按图钉，按得很慢，像怕把纸弄疼。我站在旁边扶着墙角的纸边。我们俩都记得那个像模子倒出来的从前，谁也不提，可谁都知道，那张贴上墙的纸，是从前咬断的笔杆换来的。

An Essay of Xiaoman Was Read Aloud to the Whole Class

Xiaoman sits in front of me, and she used to fear Monday Chinese class most. Monday was when film reviews came back, and her score was always in the lowest band. I once copied her opening: it was almost identical to mine, this film tells of such and such, in the end such and such, and I was deeply educated by it. Our reviews poured from the same mold, neither better than the other.

The change came in November. The teacher took the class to the media room to watch an animated film about a puppy that could not bark, raised by a flock of sheep, always believing it was a sheep. Back in the classroom, the teacher said write anything you like this time. Xiaoman chewed her pen for twenty minutes, then began writing about the puppy. She wrote how the puppy wanted to bark, and a dull moan rolled out of its throat, and it panicked, thinking it had lost its voice. She wrote how the puppy later shouted at the valley: the first sound was still a moan, the second was a bark, and it froze on the spot, forgetting to wag its tail.

Monday, the teacher read the essay of Xiaoman to the whole class. When she reached it froze on the spot, forgetting to wag its tail, the class laughed, and the teacher laughed too. Afterward the teacher said: Xiaoman did not retell the film from the beginning; she lived one life for that puppy. The head of Xiaoman dropped, her ears burning red, but I saw her hand under the desk close into a fist, not a fist of nervousness, the kind a winner makes.

That day after school, Xiaoman stayed behind for the first time. She stood before

the blackboard and copied one line from the writing on the blackboard into her notebook: write the moment that moved your heart. After copying she asked me, guess why I could never write before. I shook my head. She said, because I always wanted to explain the film from the start, afraid of missing something, and ended up finishing the film and losing myself. I thought about that sentence for a long time. That night I also wrote the puppy, writing how afterward it always looked back first whenever it heard a dog bark, to check where it was.

Now the highest-scoring pieces in the review notebook of Xiaoman are all about the side characters: the puppy that could not bark, the old sheep that sewed its bed, and that late bark. She told me that the sorest place in a film is often not the hero but the voiceless one beside it. I do not fully understand that sentence, but I have started watching for the voiceless people, the way she does.

Last week, The review of Xiaoman went up on the back wall again. She stood on tiptoe pushing in the thumbtack, very slowly, as if afraid of hurting the paper. I held the corner of the sheet steady beside her. We both remember the old days when our essays poured from one mold; neither mentions it, yet both know that the paper on the wall was paid for by all those pens chewed through.

妈妈把那篇作文贴在了冰箱上

冰箱门上有一张纸，压在一袋酸奶和一张课程表中间，纸角已经卷了。那是冬冬四年级的一篇观后感，右上角一个红圈里的优。贴上去那天，冬冬在客厅里蹦，说妈妈你贴哪儿都行，别收进抽屉。我说贴冰箱，天天能看见。

冬冬三年级写观后感，是我坐在旁边陪出来的。不是陪他写，是替他开头。他咬笔头，我就问，电影里谁最好玩，他就写有个猴子最好玩，然后没了。我让他再想，他就说，然后他们打败了坏人，我懂得了团结。那段话我看过一百遍，因为每一部电影的观后感都有它。我那时候想，这孩子是不是对电影没感觉。

改变是从我们家的电影夜开始的。星期五晚上，关掉客厅大灯，一家人挤在沙发上看一部片子，看完各说各的，谁也不评谁。有一晚看讲海豚的片子，冬冬忽然说，那只海豚总离船远一点，可是每次船掉头它都在。我愣了一下，他爸也愣了一下。我们谁都没注意到这个。冬冬说，它不是不想靠近，它是怕船撞它。

后来老师布置写那部海豚片子的观后感。冬冬关着门写了四十分钟，没喊妈妈，没咬笔头。发下来是优，批语写着：你写出了别人没看见的东西。晚上他举着本子冲过来，我们就把那张纸贴上了冰箱。他爸找了半天，找出一块海豚形状的冰箱贴压住它的下角。冬冬说，这样它就真的在船边上了。

有天我收拾书桌，翻到他以前的作文本。三年级那几篇观后感，猴子和团结出现了六次。我坐在椅子上笑，笑完有点心酸。那时候我替他开头，他替电影交差，我们娘俩一起把一件顶有意思的事办成了顶没意思的事。电影夜救回来的不是作文分数，是他心里那杆小秤，他如今知道哪一下值得记，哪一下值得写。

现在冰箱上那张纸没人撤下来。亲戚来吃饭，有人问这什么，冬冬抢着念，念到那只海豚总离船远一点，可是每次船掉头它都在，他爸在厨房探头出来说，这句是你爸先看见的还是你先看见的。冬冬答不上来，我们全家都笑。纸角卷得厉害了，我用透明胶带在背面补了一道。优还是那个优，只是它现在压着的，是一个孩子看世界的新眼睛。

Mother Put That Essay on the Refrigerator

On the refrigerator door there is a sheet of paper, pressed between a yogurt pouch and a class schedule, its corners already curling. It is a film review by Dongdong from Grade Four, with an excellent circled in red at the top right. The day it went up, Dongdong bounced around the living room, saying, stick it anywhere, Mom, just do not put it in a drawer. I said the fridge, so we can see it every day.

In Grade Three, The reviews of Dongdong came out with me sitting beside him. I was not keeping him company while he wrote; I was starting his sentences for him. He chewed his pen, so I asked who was funniest in the film, and he wrote there was a funny monkey, and then nothing. When I pressed him to think more, he wrote then they defeated the villain, and I learned the value of unity. I have seen that paragraph a hundred times, because it appeared in every review of every film. I used to wonder whether this child had no feeling for movies.

The change began with our family movie night. Friday evenings we turn off the big living room light, crowd onto the sofa for a film, and afterward each says what each saw, no one grading anyone. One night, watching the dolphin film, Dongdong suddenly said, that dolphin always stays a little far from the boat, but every time the boat turns, it is there. My husband and I both froze. Neither of us had noticed it. Dongdong said, it does not stay away because it does not want to come close; it is afraid the boat will hit it.

Later the teacher assigned a review of the dolphin film. Dongdong shut his door and wrote for forty minutes, without calling Mom, without chewing his pen. It came back an excellent, with the comment: you wrote what others did not see. That evening he came running with the book held high, and we put the paper on the refrigerator. His father hunted around and found a dolphin-shaped magnet to weigh down its corner. Dongdong said, now it really is beside the boat.

One day while tidying his desk, I found his old exercise books. In those Grade

Three reviews, the monkey and unity appeared six times. I sat in the chair and laughed, and after laughing my heart ached a little. Back then I started his sentences and he handed in the movie for the teacher, and the two of us together turned the most interesting thing in the world into the most joyless chore. Movie night did not rescue a composition score; it rescued the small scale inside his heart, so that now he knows which moment is worth remembering and which is worth writing.

Nobody takes that paper off the fridge now. When relatives come to dinner and someone asks what it is, Dongdong grabs it first and reads aloud, and when he reaches that dolphin always stays a little far from the boat, but every time the boat turns it is there, his father pokes his head out of the kitchen and asks, who saw that first, me or you. Dongdong cannot answer, and the whole family laughs. The corners curl badly now, so I reinforced the back with clear tape. The excellent is still the same excellent, only what it holds down now is the new eyes of a child for looking at the world.